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The President's Message

FEW periods in recorded history have so gravely needed the wisdom and spiritual guidance that the heritage of Catholicism affords as does the atomic age. This age needs leaders. Leaders must be vocal. The worst demagogues are commonly the most effective vocally. Yet in a world crying for a clear path, what does modern literature have to offer? Behavioristic fiction, man the plaything of circumstance, fatalistic pessimism, sexual perversion, divorce, and easy virtue—these are the patterns held up to us in our moral prostration. Ours is indeed a day of desperate decision that calls for vision and an unshaken devotion to principle.

We at John Carroll University recognize the seriousness of our mission in educating young men for this difficult environment. Accordingly we are earnestly ambitious to provide facilities of faculty, of study, and of extra-curricular enlargement that will directly assist our scholastic family to personal salvation and likewise contribute to Christian harmony in the world at large.

The founding of the *Carroll Quarterly* should be appreciated as solicitude of this sort. Without pretension that the successive issues will solve the cosmic cryptogram for a bewildered humanity, it none the less supplies a significant opportunity for the student to develop himself in that indispensable adjunct of the successful leader—facility in language. Written into the Ignatian modes of pedagogy, moreover, are the values of setting a prize for superior attainment and of developing eloquence within the student. The distinction of inclusion in these pages should provide notably both values.

My sincere good wishes, therefore, accompany the beginning of this project. May it build a wholesome intramural competition and a richly growing prestige.

Frederick E. Welfle, S.J.

The Apple of Eden— is ripe again

by Joseph L. Hand*

THE peoples of the earth today are witnessing what historians in the future will probably call the first beginnings of a new age, the Atomic Age. By solving the mysteries of the atom, scientists have given to humanity a tremendous force which may be used for good or evil; to better the human race or to destroy it. At the present it would seem that the world's leaders are being slowly drawn to the position where the atomic energy will become a weapon of evil. The questions, then, are: why is the world in such a position and what can be done to alter this position? Three considerations are necessary for an adequate discussion of this subject. The propositions held to be true are these:

1. The atomic bomb and other weapons of war proceeding from atomic energy constitute a force sufficient either to annihilate humanity completely or to set the human race back to the pristine instance.

2. There is not as yet, nor perhaps ever can be, an effective defense in a war wherein atomic weapons are employed.

3. If there were to be another war, these atomic weapons *would* be employed.

The above statements are, of course, debatable, but they must be stated in the above form in order to establish an organized and logical point of view. It may also be added that, in general, these propositions constitute the convictions of today's generation regarding the subject. Most important is statement three, for on its affirmation or denial rest the consequences contained in the first two statements.

Reasoning from past history, it would seem that there *is* to be another war, because the world is slowly being divided into two camps, whose philosophies stand in violent contrast: one dedicated to the principles of Communism—the other still holding fast to those premises which have come to be known as the basic foundation of democracy with its prime tenet of individual freedom. It is evident from the very nature of these two philosophies that it is impossible for both to exist in a *peaceful* world. Therefore, it shall be the purpose herein to determine means which will set the world upon a path of harmony leading to a *lasting* peace, Prescinding from objective proof it may be said here that the principles of politically defined Communism are in utter and complete contradiction to the natural law imposed upon man by his Creator—that law which is an essential part of human nature, the transgression of which can but lead to a perversion of that nature.

Those conditions which give birth to Communism are of themselves transgressions of the God-given commandments

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which constitute the handbook of human conduct. Communism in the first instance takes root from the gross inequalities to be found in the economic, the social, and the political order of the present day. In the religious sphere mankind's departure from the Christo-centric universe has provided fertile ground for the above vagaries to blossom forth in abundance. It thus seems quite logical that the solution is to be found not in the liquidation of Communists, but of Communism itself, and by means which will remove and stamp out *permanently* the causes which generate and activate this ideology.

Time and time again mankind has taken the pragmatic view and fought war after war in an attempt to solve international differences, seemingly forgetful of the fact that a policy of expediency as a mode of action can produce no *lasting* peace. Since it has been stated that the departure from the Christo-centric concept of the universe was an integral factor in bringing about Communism, it would be well at this time to set forth the manner in which this aforesaid departure occurred.

With the rising emphasis upon pure science, which found its greatest impetus with the development of the Newtonian concept of the universe, a great bulk of mankind became forgetful of the argument set forth by St. Augustine and other Church fathers who had said that it was of little importance just *how* Creation had occurred. Instead many Christians stubbornly clung to the concept of the separate creation of species and rejected all evidence to the contrary by poking fun at those who would hold that men were descended from monkeys.[1] The confusion in the minds of Christians who made use of what they considered to be theology in order to combat what they regarded as scientific error stimulated many scholars and publicists to carry on a counter-offensive which did much to break down the structures of faith and religious tradition.[2]

The question now stands in bold relief. How are we to again return to a Christo-centric world and how are we to solve the problem which is inherent in this question—that of the separation of the Church and State? The difficulties existent in a Church and State union take root from the individual, for herein are contained those discrepancies which brought about the separation of the Church and State. This return to a Christo-centric world must undeniably begin in the first instance with the individual himself, and to effect this reform there *must be brought about a realization of its need*—a realization which will embrace all humanity. We must come to know that there is no other way out. The apples of Eden are ripe once more, for we are faced with a choice.

Today nations are faced with a temptation either to pursue a course of narrow nationalism which inevitably will lead to a loss of their own liberty or they are tempted to embark upon a policy of international imperialism which in turn means the sacrifice of the liberty of some other nation or nations. In contrast to these modes of action, there is the third alternative which presents a task of seemingly unsurmountable difficulty, but which provides the only real solution to the problem. It is this: Man must undertake to create a world wherein there shall be an equality of opportunity for all races and all nations, and this effort must have as its cardinal premise, a strict adherence by the individual to the commandments of God with prime emphasis upon the concept of social justice in all its implications.[3] The lack of restraint to be found in the concept of rugged individualism and the harsh restrictions of the totalitarian state have both proven themselves inadequate as a means of preserving peace in this world. They have both neglected to safeguard the good of the whole, namely, the common good.

1. Carlton J. H. Hayes, *A Generation of Materialism*, p. 125.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 125.
3. Wendell L. Willkie, *One World*, p. 202.

A prime tenet of the concept of social justice is that each individual shall hold himself responsible for what he contributes to the common good, and it appears quite obvious that no *cooperative plan* can be successful without this sense of individual responsibility. The attitude of rugged individualism which tends to ignore this responsibility of the one to the many is, to a great extent, responsible for the counter-offensive by the wage earners which manifested itself in the form of trade union strikes and other difficulties. With the use of a little imagination, one might easily consider the parallel of this condition in international relations, as the great bulk of Europe's peoples is seen slowly drawing together once again under the sword of totalitarianism. The individual who today denounces the spending of American dollars to feed the starving peoples of Europe might well consider the present position of industry which at one time answered the grievances of its workers with dogmatic recitations concerning the "survival of the fittest."

The plan set forth to solve the world difficulty must extend beyond the realm of *commutative* justice and embrace the concept of *social* justice in the fullest sense attainable, for, as in the living organism it is impossible to provide for the whole good unless each individual unit is given what it needs to function properly, so it is an impossibility to care for the social organism as a unit unless each individual man is supplied with all that is needed for the fulfilment of his social functions. When the above condition is satisfied there will arise an intense activity in our economic life, and this activity will endure in tranquillity and order.[4]

> Then only will the economic and social order be soundly established and attain its ends, when it offers, to all and to each, all those goods which the wealth and resources of nature, technical science and corporate organization of social affairs can give. These goods should be sufficient to supply all necessities and reasonable comforts, and to uplift man to that higher standard of life which, provided it be used with prudence, is not only not a hindrance, but is of singular help to virtue.[5]

The social-economic relations carried on within *and* between the nations of the world must rest on Christian precepts and foundations under forms adapted to the place and circumstance in question. This system should be based on the principle of *cooperation* endowed with a mutal respect for the rights and duties of all involved. Neither capital nor labor would hold the whip. In its practical application within the individual nation this system would involve industry-wide councils, implemented by regional councils and coordinated through a National Council. Economic royalism would be replaced by honesty and *social justice*. Labor would have a real voice in the industry of which it is such an integral part, and a fair-minded attitude would curb any monopolistic tendencies. Once this condition has been effected within the individual nations it should find ready acceptance in the realm of international relations provided that its precepts are uncontaminated by the nationalistic impulse.

It must be realized that the integration of this plan will drink long and deep from the sea of time, but we must have patience with persistence. A project of this magnitude could easily be compared to the slow process of evolution that was required to bring into being the perfection of the Guild system in the Twelfth Century. However, so that in the meantime there will remain a world to work with, so that the peoples of the earth can think with the rationality that comes from a full stomach and a fresh perspective, use must be made now of the enormous giving power that is part of the American heritage. This country must not turn its back and let there come into being

4. *Encycl. Atheistic Communism*, p. 195.
5. *Encycl. Quadragesimo Anno*, A.A.S., Vol. XXIII, p. 202.

a void which may be filled with the hypocrisy of Communism.

Once this has been done, the course must be set toward the goal of co-operation within and between the nations of this world. The choice and the opportunity belong to America. Let us make the choice and accept the opportunity so that the tree of Eden shall once again bear the fruit of eternal life.

Pastoral

The golden pulp of ripe moon-fruit
Hangs bursting from a cloud branch,
And maddening odor floats down toward the earth.
The night breathes heavily—
(Do you hear the peasants weeping behind the wall?)
(The house is gaunt
The window rags flutter.
The door reels in and out.
The house is sterile, gaunt,
And hideous.)

A scarlet flower curls its roots
Below the warm dank ground-sponge,
And with a dusty cry sinks out of life.
Blood dust is all it leaves—
(Do you hear the children gasping behind the wall?)

—*Louis Sacriste*, '43.

Impressions on Reading
The Devil's Share

by Dennis de Rougemont

(Translated by Haakon Chevalier, Washington, Pantheon Books, 1944)

FOR the second time in two hundred years the world has been shaken in its faith—faith in the power of reason, which created prewar optimism. Let reason take care of all, and the world will be perfect. Then let the word *good* be substituted for the word *perfect*, and we shall have succeeded in banning evil from the world by a simple equation. In the intellectual order evil is the equivalent of misery, suffering, maladjustment; and it exists only because we are not sufficiently enlightened. This faith of Rationalism in the progress of humanity, in this potentially best of all worlds, was badly shaken by the earthquake of Lisbon on November 1, 1755. Indeed, it even blew the powder from some learned wigs. Voltaire in his *Candide* jeered furiously the optimistic notion that all is basically good, and Rousseau seconded him unintentionally in rejecting civilization. The question of theodicy thereupon was broached again: How is it possible for evil to get into this world, a creation of the supreme Reason? Is evil really only the absence of good, or is it something real, existing side by side with good? Could it be that evil is not diametrically opposed to the good but only the other pole of a dual entity, of a magnet, for example? Is it like the reverse side of a coin? If so, then evil cannot be eradicated by spreading the good, a millennium which the rationalists sought to achieve by education and enlightenment of the people.

The French Revolution and the ensuing Napoleonic Wars put an end to such speculations as these. The world was glad to have found in the Jacobins and later in Napoleon the tangible evil that could be fought and destroyed. After Napoleon the rapid progress in all scientific fields revived the old belief in the power of reason as a universal remedy. Then came World War I. The eradicable evil this time was the Kaiser. When the Kaiser was no longer a danger, blame for the troubles of the world was assigned to economic and social conditions. Getting rid of those conditions by scientific planning and methodical organization, it was argued, should also rid us of all evil. Even before the world could realize the futility of this remedy, Hitler stepped onto the stage and gave humanity a new evil spirit incarnate. Again, too, during the last stages of World War II a new optimism swept the world. Hitler, the embodiment of evil, was being defeated. The whole world, not only the countries he had occupied, was to be liberated from the evil spirit. New horizons seemed to open: the world seemed destined to become a better place to live in through reorganization of its political, economic, and social structure. In the new order reason, the good, once more was to triumph over chaos, the evil.

At the very peak of all these warm hopes struck the devastation: the atomic bomb. Reason through science had achieved one of man's greatest tasks and thereby defeated itself. It had furnished a powerful weapon for chaos and evil, since use of the

weapon was not retained in the hands of reason, its inventor. Reason alone can no longer control it; its use for the benefit of humanity, or its abuse as the scourge of humanity, depends now on another factor, one formerly ignored and belittled by reason: it depends on good will, which reason alone can never create. Thus the great disillusionment has reared its hideous head and unveiled evil anew to the eyes of the world as it similarly did two hundred years ago. It has again become a dreadful reality which no war, no administrative measures, no organized and collective planning by science can annul or abolish.

At this moment, or rather—to be exact—at the high-tide of hope, Rougemont's book appears to show us that the Devil is a reality, not a fiction or an *idée fixe* which can be erased by psychotherapy. Each of us is a real or potential tool of the Devil. Rougemont shows us the various innocent-looking ways by which the Devil tricks us. When we think we have tricked the Devil, when we pat ourselves on the back with self-satisfaction for an apparently good deed, we often have served just his purposes.

The Devil's Share is surely an honest book which could be read profitably by those who still believe in a kind of supreme being or what they may call God, but who place the Devil in the realm of fairy tales or mythology. Yet for all its sincerity, its brilliant observations, and its witty style the book has left me dissatisfied and cold. For this unsympathetic response I blame partly the sketchy style, known in Europe as the style of the *feuilleton*, which in this country has its counterpart in some articles of our better magazines. The very nature of magazines demands a certain superficiality in spite of the deep, even though not profound, thoughts. However, since *The Devil's Share* is a book and not an article, its thoughts should have been born of suffering over the misery of the world; they should have been purified in the fire of a soul burning with the desire to help. Instead the content appears to me as the intellectual speculations of a group of essayists in a European café. Like an agent of the FBI whose task it is to track down a criminal, Rougemont in business-like fashion unmasks the disguised Devil and reveals his deceitful schemes. The book is at best—to use an old phrase—thought-provoking. The greatest weakness of the work, however, is that it too is a child of reason; for it is the product of a cold, mental dislike for evil and not the fruit of a warm, passionate love for the good.

*René Fabien**

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Aurora Borealis

God's rays that guide us when the
sun is done

To that populated Palace
where life's real life's begun.

—Robert E. Prendergast.

Ivan Goes to the Party

by William M. Braucher, Jr.

IVAN KROPOTKIN was very happy. Perhaps it was his surroundings that made him so; perhaps his name which sounded so pleasing to the ear. He had never seen his parents, but knew them for certain to be very illustrious, having given such a name to their son. Ah, but perhaps it was his horn, his beautiful instrument which Ivan believed to be molded on Mt. Etna by the Cyclops themselves under special instructions from Vulcan. That was, of course, before they allotted it to old Benjamin's pawnshop.

Every Saturday and Sunday Ivan played the role of Mercury himself, but instead of carrying messages from the gods to mortals, Ivan would play his beautiful messages to those who would listen. Nattily attired in full dress, he would take his place to the left-rear of the Symphony Hall stage. At this time nobody was greater than Ivan Kropotkin. He lived for Saturday and Sunday.

During the rest of the week Ivan would work and dream. He would appear at the freight yards early in the morning and remain till dusk. His fellow workers would marvel at his great feats of strength. (Look, there is Ivan Kropotkin—he thinks nothing of lifting the heavy materials which the other men purposely avoid. See him hold that case high above his head? Watch him throw it into the car. It is said that he also plays with the Symphony Orchestra. Truly he must be a man of great ability.)

When his work was completed for the day, Ivan would go home to the smells and the cobblestones and the vodka. Home was a happy combination of many places for Ivan: Christopher's, where he could eat for a solid hour—fowls, steaks, vegetables, pastries—Christopher had them all. Niccolini's—lucky Niccolini, whose privilege it was every two weeks to have Ivan's "symphony suit" made to look like new. Kavayanko's glorious bar, where Ivan did his drinking and dreaming. He would drink vodka and dream of the people who sat in the audience on Saturdays and Sundays. Ivan considered them kings and queens in royal attire. They were the ones who passed judgment on his performance. Ah, they would applaud vigorously, those emperors and empresses in their multi-colored attire, their ermines, their satins, their faultless fabrics. What an honor if he could ever become one of them!

Kavayanko, Christopher, Niccolini—they were all right. All his friends around the yard and the river were all right, but they weren't famous—they weren't illustrious. Ivan was not certain of all that they weren't, but he did know that they failed to compare with his week-end audience. Yes, they lacked many things. (What Ivan? What did they lack? The tickets to the front row? The silver plate? The proper number of air-punctures in their shoes? The gilt-edged garbage cans? The ivy, perhaps, on the walls of their Universities? The Sevres chandeliers? Ah, but this is of no avail. Ivan is not listening. Ivan has eyes only for his vodka and his elaborate dreams filled with gay colors and shining trumpets.)

One Saturday night Ivan was especially happy, for the orchestra was to play the music of Wagner. The Wagnerian nights were the happiest nights for Ivan. He could give full vent to his emotions. He could make his golden horn talk. What glorious dreams would unfold before his eyes the following week!

Ivan completed his day's work and started for home with a song on his lips.

(Niccolini, my friend, I hope you have exercised your greatest skill this week. The suit must be spotless tonight, Niccolini, or heads will be broken and ears removed. Christopher, the Saturday special—the nectar of the gods, Kavayanko, for tonight I am the Muse.)

Wagner and Kropotkin were the heroes of Symphony Hall that night. Ivan did not open a page of his music. What need of little figures before your eyes, when you can see the marching soldiers, hear the roll of drums, the clash of arms in the vast auditorium itself. The stage, the balcony, the aisles are their battleground.

Because he dreamed his dream and played his music Ivan was rewarded. He was rewarded with a visit to his Valhalla. The following Wednesday he was to be entertained by his audience in person. He, Ivan Kropotkin, was to attend a dinner party at the special invitation of Mrs. Herbert Willcocks.

He could play for them, talk with them, and dream with them. Ivan Kropotkin was to come into his own at last. (Ivan, will you drop in to see your friend Kavayanko once in a while? An occasional meal at Christopher's for old times' sake? You haven't much use for Niccolini any more, Ivan, but his children always flocked around you in droves. Will you flex your muscle for them Ivan? Once in a while?)

Ivan loaded his last freight car on Wednesday. He reasoned that a man of true culture should frown upon that type of labor—that is, when Ivan found time to reason. He was occupied with many things. His dress suit, for instance—Niccolini had no time for three-day service; so Ivan's collar displayed telltale marks of soil. He noticed his trousers which had an unnatural bright tinge and fell a little short of his desired length. His coat, also, showed alarming signs of sneaking up on his seat. And the sleeves—why had he failed to notice the sleeves before? Frayed, too short—ah, but he had his horn. His golden horn did not disappoint him. Ivan tucked it snugly beneath his arm, summoned a taxi for the first time in his life, and set out for the culmination of his dreams.

Ivan's entrance, from the standpoint of Mr. Herbert Baldwin, who buttled for the Herbert Willcockses, was a sensation. He presented his invitation, announced himself, and, accompanied by his horn, proceeded to the nearest closet where he deposited his outer garments.

"Aubrey, dear, this is Mr. Kropotkin. You may have seen or heard him last week in Symphony Hall."

(Why do you stare so, Aubrey? He is merely a human being carrying a horn. Why do you scrutinize his suit? Do you wish to straighten his tie? Or could it be, Aubrey, that you are a snob?)

"Yes, darling, this is Mr. Kropotkin."

(Say hello to the man, Kropotkin. Why do you stammer? Are you tongue-tied? Do you lack the decency required for a civil greeting? Say something.)

Ivan scraped the floor with his toe and managed to mumble an incoherent greeting before encountering Mr. Herbert Baldwin once more. A single step to the rear was enough to upset the cocktail tray carried by that gentleman. Ivan was genuinely sorry and immediately dropped to his hands and knees for the purpose of giving aid to Mr. Baldwin. (That's it, Kropotkin, tell them you're sorry. Why don't you explain why you carry that horn beneath your arm? Tell them, Kropotkin, tell them. No, oaf, you are talking too much. Can't you see they are laughing at you. Don't you see them all laughing, Kropotkin? You must be a funny fellow.)

Ivan was beginning to feel awkward and ashamed. He had sinned in the very presence of his gods. Ivan began to make restitution. He put his golden horn to his lips. (Play your horn, Kropotkin. Look, you are amusing them. Play it, you idiot! That's it, that's it, make them dream with you. They love you, Kropotkin. You are an entertainer. See, these are your gods, Kropotkin, here before you. They are laughing, look at them.)

Playing the horn proved very difficult for

Ivan. He was short of breath and could not dismiss the huge lump which had settled in his throat. Ivan suddenly stopped. He was now the center of hilarious attention. (Let us find a white garment for Kropotkin here. Truly he must be Mercedes himself. Look, he is beginning to grin. Now he laughs—but he laughs with tears in his eyes.)

Mrs. Herbert Willcocks received the compliments of many of her guests for the excellent entertainment. Our friend Mr. Baldwin displayed his appreciation by generously inviting Ivan to make a selection on the cocktail tray, which Baldwin had courageously assented to take charge of for a second time. Ivan drank with huge gulps, and Baldwin was detained while the bewildered Ivan emptied the tray. (More champagne for Kropotkin here. Look at him shake. Watch him shake, and retch on our finest champagne. What a huge joke is Kropotkin. What a huge joke!)

Ivan grew tired of watching people laugh like idiots. Then he noticed that the floor under these people was gently rotating. They were going back and forth, back and forth . . . (Why is it that you are not allowed on the merry-go-round, Ivan?)

Ivan began to grow angry when Mr. Baldwin again appeared on the scene, accompanied by a pair of stalwart appearing fellows whose attention seemed to be fixed on Ivan.

These four made their exit from the room together, and one of them continued on for a long, long time.

* * *

Ivan Kropotkin can again be found at the freight yards during the week, where his Herculean feats continue to amaze his fellow workers. On Saturdays and Sundays he dons his full dress suit and plays with the famous Symphony Orchestra. It is said that he is very happy.

Love Is a Maiden

The soul of hawthorne flowers scents the air
With sweetness such as thy pure maiden breath
E'er spreads abroad. The moon, serene, and fair,
And ivory white, floats gleaming in the dark,
Untouched by mantled earth or blackened sky—
Such is your heart. The shimmering, moon-laved lake
Lies crystal clear, and sighs a liquid sigh,
As your soft voice must sigh for sorrow's sake.
Ephemeral beauties such as these must fade;
Eternity is not their destined lot.
'Tis you, oh virgin jewel, whose soul was made
To glow with prismed rays—whose soul was wrought
In luminescent splendor ne'er to cease
But radiate its light in timeless peace.

—*Louis Sacriste* '43

Sonnet

Oh, loved one, 'twas your being that gave me root
Upon another dim and misty sphere,
Where light with shadow blends, where sigh and tear
Flow down like moon-born notes from crystal lute
In melancholy strain upon my soul,
Which trembles gently like a rain-touched faun—
That I may know that song when thou art gone,
I catch those tears in shimmering, perfumed bowl.
And for this pulsing throat, this soft, vague pain
What sweetness bears a solace in its wake?
'Tis this—without this let my life breath wane—
When with one tender, fleeting touch you shake
The radiant lights of heaven upon my head—
I kiss my hand where your dear hand has lain.

—*Louis Sacriste* '43

Mare Nostrum

Rumbling, rocking, wanton sea,
Reaping the power of raging winds,
Caught in a cove
And whirling about,
Thrashing the sea,
Part
Of the sea,
The ageless sea,
Sounding and murm'ring by ancient walls,
Wave
Upon wave
A watery might
Rolls and rolls, churning with froth, to the rocky shores,
Serious shores,
Resisting the rout,
The dashing might
Which rushes, hangs, climbs, blooms, fans, drops,
Looses itself in the fabulous water
Which rushes, crashes, bursts, spreads, sprays,
Looses itself in the water.

—*B.M.*

Graft—100 B.C.

by Germain Grisez

KNOWING just how much of the money collected as taxes is misused would be interesting. How much of the public pocket-money goes to line the pockets of grafters? It would be a hard question to answer. Every now and then, however, some unfaithful public servant is caught in his dishonesty, and men know that this ancient abuse is still with them.

Graft is indeed an age-old abuse. The healthiest body is not free from the germ of disease, and the most virile government is not free from the germs of political corruption. As far as historical records are able to show, graft has been present in government as long as government, as we know it, has existed.

Perhaps one of the most notorious of the ancient grafters was a Roman politician who lived back in the first century before Christ. His name was Gaius Verres. Verres was the personification of all the crimes which are designated as "shady politics and bureaucratic corruption." When Verres was quaestor of Gaul, he embezzled the public money outright. The quaestor of a region was in a position to do this because that office combined the duties of treasurer and auditor. As co-quaestor of Greece, he stole not only from the public pocketbook but also from the art collections of private citizens and from the temples. His plunder included statues, paintings, gold leaf, dinnerware, and personal jewelry. On one occasion he is reported to have cut off a man's finger in order to obtain a valuable signet ring. Another time he confiscated a king's ransom of precious gems which were to be offered as gifts at one of Rome's numerous temples by a visiting prince.

But it was as Praetor in the City of Rome that Verres' dubious gift for corruption shone most brightly. Verres had been elected to the position by voters whom he had bribed with money realized from his earlier crimes. In view of the man's earlier record, it is not surprising that as praetor, the judge before whom only the most important cases were tried, he proved scandalously unjust.

Once when Verres was bribed by the defendant to throw a case out of court, he double-crossed the briber. Instead of paying each of the sixteen senators the thousand dollars which he had agreed to pay, Verres kept the entire bribe, an amount equal to $2500. He then allowed the case to follow its normal course and the defendant was convicted. Just as a point of Roman government, it is interesting to note that seventeen of the thirty-two senators who acted as jurors would have had to be bribed in order to fix the verdict, for under Roman law a simple majority was necessary for conviction.

Verres figured in at least one case involving contracts. In it he acted with his usual adeptness for graft. Its circumstances, strikingly similar to the shady operations often found in modern government circles, make most interesting reading. The temple of Castor, Roman god of the cavalry and horsemanship, was kept in repair by a private company which contracted for just such work. About the time Verres was elected to office, the head of the firm died and left his business to his infant son. Because of the social wars there had been some neglect in fulfilling the contracts for the maintenance of the various temples. The senate ordered Verres and another praetor to make an investigation of the entire matter.

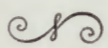
In studying the contract for the temple of Castor, Verres learned that the elderly contractor had died and that the firm was now being managed by the guardians of the heir. In this situation he saw a golden opportunity, for, as he had often remarked to friends, "There is much to be made from the property of wards." Calling the guardian before him, Verres demanded a statement concerning the condition of the temple. This was duly rendered, and it showed that the contract had been fulfilled in every detail and that the house of Castor was in fine shape. This report was not the one Verres had desired so he made a personal inspection of the temple, but his visit only served to prove the contractor's sincerity. The greedy judge had almost despaired of profit when one of his assistants remarked that he could always demand that the columns be restored to perpendicular.

"What do you mean?" enquired Verres, for he was totally ignorant of the classic principles of architecture. The assistant then explained that no column is ever perfect and that though they may be nearly enough perpendicular for all practical purposes, there is always a measurable tilt. Seizing on the clever plan, Verres forwarded the order immediately. The guardians, facing the loss of the contract or the alternative of financial ruin for their ward, implored that the unfair demand be withdrawn. Verres was unmoved.

Although the course was repulsive to their noble state, the frantic trustees then approached the mistress of the avaricious official. Her intercession, bought at a price of about two thousand dollars, failed to move Verres. Instead he declared that the contract was void, and called for bids. The lowest bid had been less than three thousand dollars, and the firm, well known and reputable, had offered to post a bond guaranteeing fulfillment of the contract. Crafty Verres, however, awarded the coveted contract to a hastily organized firm which he himself owned. This company had bid upwards of twenty thousand dollars and posted no bond.

As a matter of record, very little work was ever done. Three or four of the columns were torn down and rebuilt with the same stones. A few others were painted, and the remainder were given a coat of whitewash. For all the work which Verres' company did the best possible estimate of the expenditures could have been no more than $2500.

Verres' crimes went unpunished. After one year as praetor, he was promoted to the position of governor of Sicily. From his four years of public life, it is calculated by various authorities that he gained between two and four hundred thousand dollars. When Verres returned to Rome, the fearless Cicero attempted to arraign him for his numerous crimes, but the culprit fled and lived quite a few years in comfort on his political spoils. The story of Gaius Verres and his well developed talent for graft is supporting evidence for the adage that nothing new exists under the sun. Certainly graft is an old, old story.



Education *Delendam Est*

by Terence Martin

"A LITTLE knowledge is a dangerous thing." Almost everyone has heard this proverb at one time or another. And many perhaps have used it themselves, for it contains more than a grain of truth. Is there anyone who has not seen examples of partially educated persons, bloated with their limited knowledge, committing flagrant errors of judgment? And is there one of us who has seen these examples who does not yearn to put a stop to them? No, I think not. All of us would like to discover a method of correcting this perennial evil, and yet, did we ever stop to realize that if partially educated persons were not partially educated, they would be unable to commit these flagrant errors of judgment? The clear, cold logic of this statement refreshes the mind.

Looking at the problem as a whole, one sees two possible solutions. Either we must educate everyone thoroughly, or, if that is impossible, we must undertake a program of de-education, which would attempt to educate no one, and to help those already educated to forget what they have learned.

The first plan, to educate everyone thoroughly, is highly ambitious but hardly attainable. There are far too many factors involved to allow complete success. We have only to look at the figures to be properly disillusioned. Of the 1,734,202 students who graduated from college in the last year, estimates of the number only partially educated run as high as 1,734,202. The figures speak for themselves. It is patently beyond the range of our educational institutions to achieve thorough education.

The major obstacle in the path of attaining complete education, and the one most probably accountable for the above figures, is the overwhelming amount of knowledge to be assimilated. Since the creation of the earth many things have occured in the experience of man. Let us arbitrarily cast aside the first few million years, for their salient contribution to learning has been merely to increase the confusion surrounding the question of the actual age of the earth, and look briefly at the last twenty-five centuries. This would carry us in philosophy from Socrates to Sartre, in literature from Horace to Eugene O'Neil, and in administration from Alexander to Stalin. By the time a man mastered the learning of these twenty-five centuries, and turned his mind to the future, he would be dead, leaving the world nothing of his labors except a wealth of pencil-marked margins, dog-eared pages, and maybe a few telephone numbers, jotted, in the days of his youth, inside the covers of books. His knowledge would die with him and would not benefit mankind in the least.

Another discouraging factor is that even among men who are universally respected for the scope of their knowledge, we sometimes find unreasonable attitudes strikingly similar to those of partially educated persons. Not even a prominent scholar of the twentieth century, whose name for obvious reasons must here be withheld, was above such imprudence. He relates in a letter to a friend how one morning when he came down to breakfast he was told that he would have to do without his morning eggs, for it had been discovered that they were rotten. Without thinking of the unreasonableness of his attitude, he snorted, "Nuts to chickens." Of course he was only eight years old when he made this statement, but he was a bright lad for his age.

Numerous other difficulties lessening the possibility of attaining complete education

could be cited, but rather let us consider the alternative plan: to educate no one, and to help those already educated forget what they know. The many potentialities inherent in the mere suggestion of this plan lend themselves readily to the imagination.

Obviously one of the first steps in the carrying out of this plan would be the total elimination of teachers. If we had no teachers, we would have no formal education; and since this constitutes one of the goals of de-education, teachers must go. Immediately we are faced with another problem: a method of ridding ourselves of the teaching classes. There are ample means of achieving this end, sudden violent extermination being the quickest and surest method. But any spectacular or sensational action rising to violence would provoke opposition of a most general nature. People would suffer from an outraged sense of rights and would rebel at the whole movement. To be certain of success the plan must be so diabolically clever that the majority of the people never would be able to figure out quite what was happening.

Fortunately a plan of this nature has been set forth by a farsighted silver miner in Colorado, who advocates a small reduction in the salaries of teachers. This, he says, would be equivalent to slow starvation. Within a month the effects would become noticeable, as thin, hollow-cheeked professors stumble into classrooms, their weakened condition allowing them to cover less and less material every day. Soon they would just come in and sit. Later they would not even reach the classrooms, and their end would be in sight. The only possible method of saving them would be for the voters of the community to take immediate, concerted action to raise their salaries. In other words, as stated above, their end would be in sight.

Once teachers were but a thing of the past, we would be a large stride nearer our goal. Two other problems to be dealt with concern disposing of the students and of the schools.

The first of these, disposing of the students, is not such a difficult problem as one might suppose. Many students, instead of receiving subsistence checks from the government, would receive unemployment checks from the government. Others could obtain jobs in circus sideshows, where living specimens of strange and nearly extinct forms of life are generally in great demand, And of course, any who so desired could accept lucrative positions in the business world. In short the future of the ex-students would be an extremely rosy one.

The school buildings themselves pose an interesting problem. They could be left intact, uninhabited and forlorn. Thus ours would be the first civilization in history to view examples of its own remains. More practically, the schools could be transformed into hotels, warehouses, headquarters for the Forty-ninth Cavalry, or any one of a number of things. But perhaps the most utilitarian measure of all would be to convert them into gigantic taverns to accommodate the mass of former students receiving unemployment checks from the government. In this way a cycle could be set up, for much of the money would go back to the government in taxes; the government in turn would pay it out in unemployment checks; it would go back to the government, etc.

The untutored reader might mistakenly surmise that the views stated here are unique. This is not the case. Many eminent thinkers have indirectly advanced the same idea. For example, the great psychologist and educator H. Dewman James has stated in his writings: ". . . down . . . ." "With . . ." ". . . education." And Thomas F. Lockwood, one of the clearest thinkers of recent times, reasserts this idea unequivocally in his book, *Come to Think of It*. On page twenty-nine we find the words, "education"; on page one hundred and seven, "is"; and on the very next page we discover the descriptive phrase, "totally insane." Though further authority is hardly necessary, let us cast a last backward glance at the words of the distinguished logician, Theodore Titus of Phaaph City, Montana, who has for over twenty years consistently main-

tained the view: "Down with everything."

The successful elimination of educational institutions as outlined above, would be of little avail, however, without undertaking the second half of the process of de-education, namely, assisting people to forget what they have already learned. This aspect of the problem of de-education which heretofore has always constituted the major stumbling block in the path of the successful abolition of education gains new significance in the light of recent advances in the field of nuclear fission. Scientific investigations have proved conclusively that individuals converted into atomic energy no longer are capable of committing errors of judgment deriving from an incomplete education. They are, in fact, transferred into an entirely different sphere of activity.

It is encouraging to note that several concrete steps already have been taken in this direction. Only the mass will of the people, motivated by the warnings of moralists and Christian humanists, can possibly deter humanity from successfully achieving total de-education through the elixir of atomic energy. In view of past history there is no reason to believe that the people will *now* heed their warnings. Certainly we have only to stick to our guns, keep straight the course we have set, and the goal shall be ours.

Of course, it may be that a thoughtful person could find some other solution to the problem of "A little learning . . ." One must be broadminded about that sort of thing.

Sonnet

Love lives in mirrors of my love's intent,
Those shining screens so lightly veiling all
Behind their muraled and translucent wall
Where lone love is born and reared and called and spent,
Your eyes that turn when flowers have been sent,
(A question? Gone—buds conquer and enthrall.)
Your eyes reflecting ev'ry star, 'though small,
When in my arms you're weak and yet content.
To see the multiple material
That is half flesh, half spiritual,
To feel how my love fashions it,
My love that in your eyes is lit,
Is then to wish that it will so well grow
As ever through eternity to glow.

—*B.M.*

Behind His Face Is a Heart of Gold

by Charles Eders

AMONG other things, Old Man Feinbaum had a twelve-year-old kid named Herbert, a delicatessen, and a thriving business. Among the other things was a daughter, and I mean this daughter was something. I'd say that she was the most beautiful daughter on New York's East Side, and I guess I don't have to tell you that there's a lot of daughters on the East Side. Besides, I married her, but that isn't what I wanted to tell you about.

What I wanted to tell you about is Old Man Feinbaum himself. For one thing, you'd never dream that Myra—that was the daughter's name, Myra—was even related to Old Man Feinbaum and Herbert, let alone from the same family. Herbert looked just like Old Man Feinbaum only worse, and you'd have to be blind in both eyes not to be able to see that Old Man Feinbaum even in his best days—which must have been a good forty years ago—was never what you could call a neighborhood Charles Boyer. I can still remember how all the mothers in the block would try to scare their kids into minding by telling them that they'd get Old Man Feinbaum after them if they weren't good. It always worked too. In other words, although I admit that it certainly isn't kosher to come right out and say it, especially when the guy is your father-in-law, Old Man Feinbaum is ugly. When you get to know him, though, you find out that behind his face is a heart of gold.

It isn't exactly easy to explain to you exactly what Old Man Feinbaum looks like; he has one of those faces you've got to see to appreciate, although I never heard of anybody that appreciated Old Man Feinbaum's face, much as it hurts me to say it. Anyway, he's a fat guy, sort of round, with sloping shoulders that he got from too many years bending over a slicing machine cutting salami. His face, though—well, it's big; it's awful big. It's about the size of a watermelon, and his ears stick out on his head like handles on a suitcase. The worst part, though, is his nose. His nose isn't long or hooked or anything like that; it's fat, fat and big. I'd say that Old Man Feinbaum's nose is the biggest, fattest nose this side of the Brooklyn Bridge, and it's got holes in it. I suppose the holes are pock-marks, but they look like craters on the side of a hill. I remember one time in Italy our outfit had to take a hill that had just been shelled; and as soon as I saw that hill, full of shell-holes, I got homesick, it reminded me so much of Old Man Feinbaum's nose.

Maybe you think I'm exaggerating, but I'm not. Whether you believe it or not, Old Man Feinbaum looks like one of those ogres or whatever you call them that are in kid's fairy books, but like I said, behind his face is a heart of gold. Nobody could ask for a better father-in-law.

You should have seen the wedding he put on for Myra and me. Even the rabbi said he never saw such a party. Before the wedding, though, it was Old Man Feinbaum himself that helped convince Myra that she ought to accept me for a husband; he was always telling her what a fine, ambitious fellow I was and how she'd be a lot better off with me than some of those flashy guys with big cars and big mouths that she used to go

out with. Old Man Feinbaum helped my cause a good bit; and I'll never forget it.

Last year Old Man Feinbaum sort of retired, and do you know what he did? Herbert's going to be a dentist; so Old Man Feinbaum just up and presented Myra and me with his delicatessen. We've enlarged the place and added a restaurant. You ought to come over some time. I promise that you'll eat some fine food, and if you do stop in, I'll introduce you to my father-in-law—Old Man Feinbaum—and as soon as you meet him, you'll see for yourself that behind that face is a heart of gold.

Ernie Pyle

He dealt not with the polished phrase,
Nor glorified great heroes bold.
He wrote war's story thru endless days;
Humbly, plainly was it told.

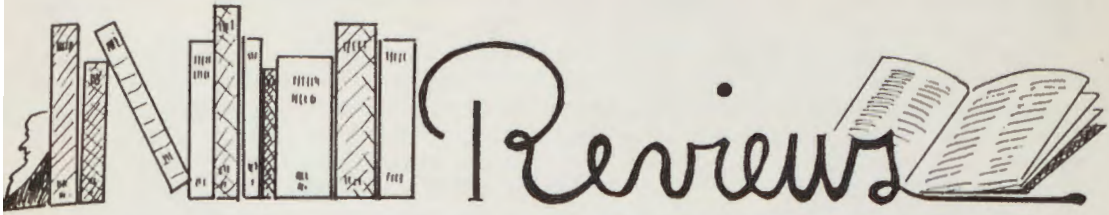
His was the hero of hole and trench,
The battling private of deeds unsung;
He wrote from the slimy, bloody stench
Where war was grimly fought and won.

He told of the navy's duels at sea,
The shells which screamed, spat death, mid-air,
Wrote of the ever-fighting free . . .
And knew, because the man was there!

He told the world in endless praise
Of GI Joes, considered small;
Their dreams, their hopes of brighter days . . .
Tough, laughing fighters . . . his heroes all.

He went where his heroes fought and bled,
To the searing journey's end he trod,
Till death did deign this man be sped
To a shining rendezvous with God.

—*John M. Reardon*



When the Mountain Fell, by Charles F. Ramuz. Pantheon Books Inc. English Translation by Sarah Fisher Scott.

AT a time when American fiction seems to be sinking into a morass of garish pseudo-historical and morbid "problem novels" discerning readers will welcome, as a refreshing change, *When the Mountain Fell*, by Charles Ferdinand Ramuz.

Ramuz, who died last May, was a Swiss, and most of the thirty-odd novels that he wrote are concerned with the life of the humble peasants and shepherds of his homeland. As a result, he has often been termed a regional, or even provincial, writer, a label which allowed two of his best efforts published here, *The Reign of the Evil One* and *The End of All Men*, to pass almost unnoticed. American readers seem determined to make amends for their previous neglect this time, however, for since its publication, *When the Mountain Fell* has been given the acclaim due a book of its stature. Certainly, if it is representative of its author's work, it would be well worth while to examine some of its predecessors.

Briefly, the book is the story of a man's struggle against a mountain. Unpretentiously, in clear, limpid prose, Ramuz relates how a newly married shepherd, Antoine, together with his companion, Seraphin, and other villagers, go into the Alpine valley of Deborence to tend cattle for the summer. There, one night, the cottage in which they are sleeping is overwhelmed by a stupendous avalanche which completely buries them under tons of rock. This cataclysm transforms the once pleasant valley into a terrifying wasteland of jumbled stones and boulders, and virtually entombs Antoine and his friends. News of the calamity plunges Antoine's wife, Therese, and the relatives of the other men into great sorrow, but gradually they resign themselves to the misfortune and begin to resume their normal lives.

Three months later, in the grim expanse of the boulder-strewn valley, a thin, grey, solitary figure struggles from a crevasse in the rocks; it is Antoine who has somehow escaped from the depths of the landslide. He finds his way back to the village with difficulty, since his mind had practically ceased to function during the shattering ordeal. Convincing his stunned wife and neighbors that he is actually alive and not a returning spirit, he haltingly recounts to them the story of his terrible imprisonment: how, after being caught in a pocket of the landslide and escaping being crushed to death, he groped for days through narrow, tortuous windings in the mass of rock, through inky darkness tantalizingly pricked with pinpoints of light from above, and how, finally, after almost superhuman effort, he reached the surface little better than dead.

After he has been home a short time, his weakened mind became obsessed with the belief that his companion, Seraphin, is still alive in the avalanche and that he must set out to find him. He starts on this impossible task, but, through the help of his devoted wife, returns to his senses and gives up the

idea, thereby making his conquest of the mountain complete.

This is the story, a simple, direct one that reaches great heights of beauty and power under the skillful hand of the author. The central theme, the struggle of a man against a mountain, is illustrated most dramatically by the order of incidents in the narrative. First, the dreadful avalanche itself is described; then is brought forth the one pitifully small, weak man, who, by his indomitable courage and determination, accomplished the miraculous feat of escaping alive from beneath one hundred and fifty million cubic feet of stone.

Running parallel to this main theme and strengthening it is a lesser one in the strong bond of love existing between Antoine and Therese. Although a minor element, it is vital to the story because it is this love that spurs Antoine on in his efforts to free himself when he is trapped, and compels Therese to follow him back to the scene of the catastrophe. Love is the all-conquering element, then, that brings about the final triumph of Antoine over the mountain.

The whole work is written in such a pure, liquid style that some of the passages, especially those describing the great mountains, have a poetic, almost musical cadence to them. In picturing human beings and their emotions, Ramuz is no less adept: Antoine, of wraith-like body and puzzled mind after his entombment; Therese, with her numb despair at the loss of her husband—these are vivid and moving characterizations. Throughout the novel Ramuz uses words sparingly, almost to the point of frugality.

When the Mountain Fell has a quiet, unassuming beauty, quite in keeping with the locale of the Swiss Alps—a beauty of calmness, strength and courage.

—*Justin McCudden*

* * *

Another Marshall Plan

Vespers in Vienna, by Bruce Marshall. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Although it is not as well known as its American counterpart, there is a British "Marshall Plan." Under it the United States does not receive food and supplies but rather a commodity we are in distressing need of here—a series of delightful short novels. The "Plan," initiated by Mr. Bruce Marshall of Great Britain, has been in effect since 1931 when we were treated to the fascinating story of Father Malachy and the dance hall he caused to be miraculously transported. Then in 1945 we met that engaging clergyman, Father Smith, in his encounters with the world and the flesh. Recently arrived under this "Marshall Plan" is *Vespers in Vienna*, an entertaining little story centering around the British military government in postwar Vienna.

This is the story of what happens when Britannia's forces meet the Congregation of the Daughters of the Holy Ghost.

Colonel Nicobar, veteran army officer, is assigned to military government duty in Vienna. He and his staff, composed of Major "Twingo" McPhimister, Senior Subaltern Audrey Quail, and a cockney sergeant named Moonlight, are billeted in the convent of the Daughters of the Holy Ghost.

The mission of this staff—"to rehabilitate Austria"—proceeds smoothly enough with the Colonel pursuing the affairs of His Majesty, Major Twingo pursuing a policy of fraternization, and Subaltern Quail pursuing Major Twingo, until the Russians come upon the scene. They demand a *Volksdeutsche* girl, a Russian refugee, whom they believe to be hiding in the convent.

Mother Auxilia and her small group outwit Kremlin comrades and, fearing further searches, send the girl, Maria, to a zone not under Soviet control—with Major Twingo following closely behind.

With this difficulty overcome, the sisters resume the routine of convent life which is not upset by the presence of the British forces. The kindly Colonel Nicobar, impressed by the sisters' devotion, confesses himself to be without spiritual beliefs. He puts little trust in Christianity because, he says, the Church has offered no leadership to a war-torn world; sorrowing peoples,

looking for direction, have been given no assistance.

Deeply affected by the Colonel's disbelief, the zealous Mother Auxilia desires to inform the Pope of what is needed by the nations of the world. Her opportunity comes when Colonel Nicobar is ordered to fly to Rome. She badgers the Colonel into taking her on his flight.

Through an amusing error involving a general's overcoat, Mother Auxilia boards the plane. Speeding over Europe at 10,000 feet, she reminds the Colonel that the founder of her order, St. Walburga of Graz, miraculously flew to Rome in 1585 on a similar mission "at 20,000 feet and she didn't land for refueling at Udine."

In an audience with the Holy Father (whom she calls Eugene), she is assured that the Church does extend a helping hand to the poor downtrodden masses. The Pope points out that the word of Christ—His lesson of love—has been known to men for centuries, but has been repeatedly scorned. The fault, he shows, rests not with the Church or her teachings but rather with men who, hearing her, fail to abide by what she says.

With renewed confidence Mother Auxilia returns to Vienna to find the Russians again demanding that Maria be handed over. When the British support this demand, Maria, in love now with Major Twingo, takes her own life, saddening the little congregation.

Shortly thereafter Colonel Nicobar returns to England to find himself in charge of "making over" the army—a task which he feels might have been inspired by St. Walburga of Graz.

Captivating though the main narrative is, the true charm of *Vespers in Vienna* rests rather in its amusing and poignant sidelights. Mr. Marshall's mastery of this type of writing is well attested by the popularity of *Father Malachy's Miracle* and *The World, The Flesh, and Father Smith.* His characterizations of stuffy army officers and his portrayals of the good sisters are carefully etched. His sprightly humor appears on almost every page.

The reader is also given a brief glimpse into the psychological aspect of rehabilitating Europe when Mr. Marshall sets the Eastern mind of the Russian Colonel Piniev *vis-a-vis* the Western mind of Colonel Nicobar. Their short conversation epitomizes the disparity apparent today between Russia and the United States and Britain. Piniev, although a slave to the Soviet, presents an open mind and a disposition to be agreeable across a table. It is to be hoped that there are more men of this caliber in Russia today.

* * * —*J.J.C.*

Current Selections

By Librarians Mildred Schmidle and Mary Dittoe

Silver Fountains, by Dorothy MacKinder. In this novel the author explores the theme of small town malice. The story centers around a beautiful governess and the malicious village gossips who, under the guise of piety, try to destroy her reputation. The village pastor, her staunch ally, preaches a biting sermon on the evils of slander. The furor aroused by his sermon forces the pastor, unable to withstand the force of public opinion, to pay a rather high price for his integrity.

Two Solitudes, by Hugh MacLennan. This is a story of Canada between two wars set against a backdrop of discord resulting from two diverse races within one nation. Paul Tallard, with his mixed background and education, dominates the book. However, it is not a problem novel, but rather a powerful love story of two people forced into loneliness in the fascinating atmosphere of modern Canada.

Moon Gaffney, by Harry Sylvester. This is an intense, hard-hitting social novel involving the Irish-Catholics of New York City. Moon, a youthful politician, plays the politician's game until he finds himself linked with an earnest band of Catholic "radicals." In a rapid, two-fisted style, the story points up the wide disparity that often exists between Catholic theory and Catholic practice. Never hesitating to "call a spade, a spade," *Moon Gaffney* is a thought-provoking book.